

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS



Statistics Show Passing of Horse a Motor Myth



WASHINGTON.—Here is something that will surprise you. In spite of the tremendous growth of mechanically propelled vehicles, the "horseless age" which has so often been heralded as just about to arrive is not even in the offing, apparently. It is not even "en route;" today there are more horses in the United States than there have been since the time when the mind of the census man runneth not to the contrary.

And not only this, but horses today have a far greater value than they had a dozen or more years ago, when the first workable "horseless carriage" poked its crude nose over the horizon and threatened to sweep all horsedom into the discard.

Furthermore, those poor relations of the horse—the mule, the ass, and the burro—have also increased in number and in value.

In short, all our old-fashioned four-footed means of traction can kick their

heels for joy and neigh or bray, each after his own fashion. Though horseless carriages, horseless wagons, horseless plows, horseless reapers, horseless whatnots are in our industrial midst in surprising numbers, still our old, time-honored friends—the horse, the mule, the ass, and the burro—loom larger than they ever have before in our national life.

Let us consider these facts which have been extracted from a recent number of the Crop Reporter, that publication of much esoteric interest, issued "by authority of the secretary of agriculture." On January 1, 1913, the total number of horses on farms and ranges in the United States was 20,567,000, valued at \$110.77 per head, with an aggregate value of \$2,278,222,000. Compared with January 1, 1912, horses had increased 58,000; mules increased 24,000; milch cows decreased 202,000; other cattle decreased 1,230,000; sheep decreased 880,000; swine decreased 4,232,000.

Without pausing here to discuss what bearing this decrease during the year 1912, in the numbers of cattle, sheep, and swine, may have on the future of these useful quadrupeds, we will just say that so far as is indicated by those impartial records—the United States census reports—neither the horse, the mule, the ass, nor the burro has ever suffered any such setback.

Washington Furnishes Prize Summer Fish Story

FISH stories may go and fish stories may come, but the piscatorial yarn related by Capt. Charles H. Thompson, a sea-beaten mariner of Miami, Fla., makes all others appear like a bush league alongside of Ty Cobb. Said fish was right in the midst of Washington for more than five months while a Washingtonian, J. S. Warmbath, mounted it.

As Captain Thompson, in company with W. I. Brooks and a Norwegian caller, were cruising off the coast of Miami, Fla., on June 1, 1912, there hove into sight a huge monster, the like of which man never before had laid eyes upon. A mighty struggle for supremacy ensued and man was declared the victor.

Five harpoons and 151 bullets were required to subdue the monster, and it took five days to kill it. Before it was under control it smashed a boat into thousands of pieces and knocked the rudder and propeller off a 31-ton yacht. The crew was towed around the ocean for 39 hours by the monster at a speed of about 45 miles an hour. When it was finally brought into shore more than 5,000 people were on the steamship ways at Miami. City officials, judges, ministers, the chief of police, bankers, and the greater part of the population of Miami will vouch



for the story, according to the captain.

Attempts to classify it have been made in the Smithsonian institution, but so far all have proved futile. It weighs 30,000 pounds, is 45 feet long, 22 feet 9 inches in circumference, 8 feet 3 inches in diameter; has a mouth 28 inches wide and 43 inches deep, and a tongue 40 inches long. It has several thousand teeth. An animal weighing 1,500 pounds was taken from its stomach. Its liver tipped the beam at 1,700 pounds.

The monster had all the characteristics of both fish and animal, contrary to all laws of natural history. Its tail measures 10 feet from tip to tip. A pectoral fin is 8 feet long and 3 feet wide, and a dorsal fin 3 feet long and 2 feet 9 inches wide. Its hide is 3 inches thick and has no scales, resembling that of an elephant's coat.

Washington City's Only Democratic Newspaper



WITH the Democratic party in full control the only Democratic newspaper in Washington consists of a single sheet pasted three times a day on the walls and windows of cigar stores, cafes, hotel lobbies and other places where men congregate.

Although the Bulletin is little known outside of Washington except among newspaper men, it is a unique and successful newspaper. Established in 1894, it has grown in news gathering efficiency and prosperity until its publishers now assert that its 600 copies are read by not fewer than 75,000 persons. While most newspaper publishers seek to interest women, because women read advertisements as well

as news, these publishers address themselves almost exclusively to the interests of men.

Mr. Dwyer, the editor, dreamed of the Bulletin 20 years ago when he saw his copy blue penciled by the press associations. He yearned for an untrammelled medium for the expression of his views without the intervention of copy readers or editors. The result was the Bulletin, a single sheet newspaper, 22x25 inches in size, printed three times a day—at noon, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at seven o'clock in the evening. Bicycle messengers distribute it to the subscribers.

You can see it in almost any public place. The page is filled with about 800 words of news. This is "fringed" with a prosperous array of advertisements, mostly of amusements, liquors, cigars, men's wear and resorts. The evening edition carries a story of the local baseball game and the major league results. The noon and afternoon editions carry no baseball news except the standing of the American league clubs.

Secretary of State Bryan Is an Early Riser

SECRETARY OF STATE BRYAN is an early riser. Moreover, he not only rises early, but he goes out early. He mounts his saddle horse many mornings at six o'clock, and even earlier, and hies himself out to the cool lanes and shady bypaths of Rock Creek. Soldiers' home and environs for a brisk canter in the delicious coolness of the day before the sun dries off the dew and gets in its scorching work. Punctuality being one of his virtues, the secretary is always back for breakfast.

On his way home, whether alone or in company with some boon companion, the secretary's fancy often turns lightly to radish—white radishes, not the little red variety, but the long, crisp white ones. Sometimes he stops at one of the nearby markets to get a supply of those favorites of his. More often he pulls his horse up beside a passing huckster wagon; indeed, he seldom passes one of these vegetable carts without halting the truck-vender with the query: "Any white radishes this morning?"



If there happen to be radishes on that particular wagon, the premier of the nation loses no time in argument, but speedily effects a purchase.

Recently one of the political sages of the capital city happened along while Mr. Bryan was investing in this little appetizer, and he has since been busy evolving a theory as to the part the humble little vegetable has played in the career of the great commoner. While he is not ready to give his solution to the public, he says that a fondness for radishes may not be an indication of political success and preferment.

TWO GREAT LABOR LEADERS MEET



Tom Mann (left) and "Big Bill" Haywood (right), two of the most powerful labor leaders in the world, met when Mann came over from England to study the conditions in American factories and mines. The Englishman was once called by the queen "our respected and well-beloved Tom Mann."

NAME TELLS STORY

Pennsylvania Towns and Streams Indicate Origin.

Welsh Colony Left Its Impress Upon Territory Near Philadelphia—Along the Delaware River—Upper and Lower Dublin.

Philadelphia.—Few states have such peculiar names as Pennsylvania, and the vicinity of this city contributes a complement of them, besides telling as correctly as history itself of the nationality of early settlers and the places whence they came.

These, in many instances, show the philology of the language to which they belong; others have been transplanted from beyond the seas, and some, such as those of Indian origin, designate the topography of the localities they name.

Early Welsh settlers left their impress on territory contiguous to Philadelphia by naming their settlements after towns, hills and valleys in their native Gwalla. Bryn Mawr, is one of the places they named. Bryn means hill and Mawr is great or big, and Pencoyd is the Welsh for head of the woods. Pen means head and coyd is woods.

Bala, across the Schuylkill from Manayunk, in the Welsh is town. It was named after the birthplace of the late George B. Roberts, one time president of the Pennsylvania Railroad company. Bala is also the Gaelic of town, and is one of the evidences of the similarity between the tongues. Gladwyne, which was included in the old Welsh tract on the west side of the Schuylkill, means white or clean section, while Bethryn means broad or open place, and Uchlyn is the upper lake. Uch is upper and lyn is lake.

Some say that Upper Dublin and Lower Dublin, both suburban places, were not named by Irish settlers but by Welsh colonists, and the reason claimed for this is that the name Dublin is Welsh as well as Irish. The Welsh for Dublin is dark pool or pwll Du, while the Irish for Dublin is Dubh Lin, or black pool. Dubh Lin was originally that part of the River Liffey on which the city of Dublin now stands. Our Dublin may be Irish, but, like the Welsh names, it was transplanted and has no bearing whatever upon the topography of the northern tier of this city.

There are North Wales and Gwynedd, on the North Penn branch of the Philadelphia & Reading railway. They are on a tract of land "bought by James Penn" and transferred to the Welsh colony, which named it Gwynedd. The land was divided later and each of the two sets of colonists wanted the name Gwynedd retained, but both wanted it for their respective section. There was a compromise on the northern part being named North Wales and the lower part was permitted to be Gwynedd, which means white land, or northland, in old Welsh. To live in Wales was an aspiration of these sturdy colonists.

In the same territory as Upper Dublin is the hamlet of Kincoira. Kin is the Gaelic or old Celtic for head and coira is sweet scented. There is nothing in the locality which calls for such a cognomen; no knolls, hills of flowers or ferns scent it at any period of the year.

Cornwell is from the old Celtic name corn wall, which means horned cliffs, such as are on the coast of Cornwall, and from where it got its name in the early ages of the British Isles. Tullytown is half Celtic also, but when you reach Tacony and hear the conductor shout "Tack-o-nee," then you should know he is giving you a touch of the Indian dialect of the Delaware tribe. The Delaware are credited with doing the christening in their tongue after a swamp near the river. There are many Indian names along the Delaware all the way up to Pocomo, big hills, and Manunka Chunk, highest mountain spot.

Crossing over to Carbon county through the Pennsylvania highlands, you meet scores of Indian names that bespeak the topography of the country. Some of them are Mauch Chunk, Bear mountain and Towamencin, the wilderness, a name though Indian, was given the forest north of the Blue mountains by the Jesuit fathers, the first Shenewackes, or pale faces, to invade it. Nesquehoning, black lick waters. Lick was the Indian name for coal and Nesquehoning is stream from the glen. Nescopeco, now Nescopeck, coal washed by waters, indicates that the Indians were the original discoverers of coal and knew what it was, for, according to Roechil, historian of the United Brethren, they worked it into pipeheads and built pit fires with it on which they cooked food in pots made from the trunks of the gumberry tree.

CZAR FERDINAND TO ABDICATE

Bulgarian Ruler May Retire and Prince Boris, It Is Said, Will Rule Country.

Vienna.—It is reported from Sofia that King Ferdinand of Bulgaria probably will abdicate in favor of Crown Prince Boris. The king himself repeatedly expressed this intention, ap-



Czar Ferdinand.

parently convinced it is the only means to avoid a revolution. The internal situation of Bulgaria is very serious.

Prince Boris is nineteen years old, and several times it has been reported that the Grand Duchess Olga was betrothed to him.

AGED BABES IN THE WOODS

Indian and His Wife, Centenarians, Lost for Three Days in Oregon Forest.

Newport, Ore.—The two oldest Indians on Siletz reservation, Dr. Johnson, aged 104, and his common law wife, Susannah Jack, aged 100, who were lost three days and nights in Siletz forest, have just found their way back to the tribe. They were picking berries and lost their way on account of poor sight.

The Indians were in a critical condition on reaching their wigwam, as they had eaten nothing but berries and roots for three days.

Pet Cat Kills Master.

Paris.—While shaving in his bedroom here the other morning Edmond Hurry's pet cat jumped on his shoulder as was its habit. The animal knocked Hurry's arm, with the result that a gash was cut in his throat and he died before assistance could be summoned.

Had No Use for It.

A little girl came down to dessert at a dinner party, and sat next to her mother. This lady was much occupied in talking to her neighbors and omitted to give the child anything to eat. After some time the little girl, unable to bear it any longer, with sobs rising in her throat, held up her plate and said: "Does anybody want a clean plate?"

Forty Years in Style.

City Cousin—But, Cousin Eben, you can't go to the party in those clothes. Your grandfather wore those at least 40 years ago.

Country Cousin—That's all right. You don't suppose there'll be anybody at the party who saw him in them, do you?

WATERY BLISTERS ON FACE

Smithville, Ind.—"Six months ago our only girl, one year old, had a few red pimples come on her face which gradually spread causing her face to become very irritated and a fiery red color. The pimples on the child's face were at first small watery blisters, just a small blotch on the skin. She kept scratching at this until in a few days her whole cheeks were fiery red color and instead of the little blisters the skin was cracked and scaly looking and seemed to itch and burn very much.

"We used a number of remedies which seemed to give relief for a short time then leave her face worse than ever. Finally we got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. I washed the child's face with very warm water and Cuticura Soap, then applied the Cuticura Ointment very lightly. After doing this about three times a day the itching and burning seemed entirely gone in two days' time. Inside of two weeks' time her face seemed well. That was eight months ago and there has been no return of the trouble." (Signed) Mrs. A. K. Wooden, Nov. 4, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Looney Season Begins.

"Golf? Why, man, you're crazier than a loon. The idea of a fellow on a hot day like this going out and clubbing around a little white pill in the sun!"

"What are you going to do?"

"Who, me? I'm going to get a row-boat and pull over the lake and try to get some fish."

"Fish? The last fish was caught out of that lake three years ago."

"Well, I know that. Suppose I don't get any fish, I've had a tiptop boat ride, haven't I?"

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue. Adv.

Hard Luck, Indeed!

"How's your son, the lawyer, who went to Texas, getting on?"

"Badly, poor fellow. He's in jail."

"How's that?"

"He was retained by a horse thief to defend him, and he made such a good plea that the judge held him as accessory."—Lippincott's.

In Some Demand.

"My brand of cigarettes is selling very well."

"Candor, however, compels me to tell you that you could improve it, old man."

"I don't want to improve it. That brand is so bad that people are using it to break off on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Never Touched Him.

"Want to go to the theater tonight?"

"I have nothing to wear," said his wife peevishly.

"That won't matter. I only meant one of those moving picture theaters, where it's dark."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Recipe.

"My hair is falling out," admitted the timid man in a drug store. "Can you recommend something to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging clerk. "Get a box."

Love doesn't make the world go round as often as it makes the lover go broke.

Many a man puts his foot in it when he attempts to stand on his dignity.

THE DOCTOR'S GIFT Food Worth Its Weight in Gold.

We usually expect the doctor to put us on some kind of penance and give us bitter medicines.

A Penn. doctor brought a patient something entirely different and the results are truly interesting.

"Two years ago," writes this patient, "I was a frequent victim of acute indigestion and biliousness, being allowed to eat very few things. One day our family doctor brought me a small package, saying he had found something for me to eat."

"He said it was a food called Grape-Nuts and even as its golden color might suggest it was worth its weight in gold. I was sick and tired, trying one thing after another to no avail, but consented to try this new food."

"Well! It surpassed my doctor's fondest anticipation and every day since then I have blessed the good doctor and the inventor of Grape-Nuts."

"I noticed improvement at once and in a month's time my former spells of indigestion had disappeared. In two months I felt like a new man. My mind was much clearer and keener, my body took on the vitality of youth, and this condition has continued."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.